

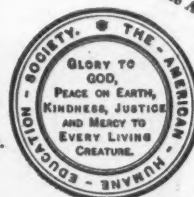
Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 48

Boston, January, 1916

No. 8

Good will toward men, all men, was never needed more than it will be through the year of grace nineteen hundred and sixteen.

You can make no better resolution with which to begin the New Year than that which pledges you to unfailing kindness toward man and beast.

No one, not even the most pronounced pacifist, wants such a peace as will start another war like this within a few short years.

What a world of hate, suspicion, distrust, misunderstanding this war has created! We cannot help being in such a world, but we can help being of it.

Three hundred and sixty-six days in the New Year. It's well to remember that whatever they are to bring they can only come one at a time. No man would want to face them all at once.

Whatever else it may or may not do, the Ford expedition has already done more than any other one thing since the war began to set the world talking about peace.

Suppose you do not believe that Henry Ford will accomplish his mission in ending the war, you must admire the courage and strength of a man who sets himself practically single-handed at so gigantic a task.

The picture of two French soldiers carrying from the field a wounded German and ministering to his needs is a rebuke to much of the bitterness that denounces a whole nation because our sympathies are on the other side. The human heart, deep below the surface, is about the same on both sides of a battle line, and on the whole as much to be trusted as that specimen of it we know best.

How many of our readers know that the inhabitants of Porto Rico, an island belonging to the United States, are practically men without a country, so far as citizenship is concerned? They plead for citizenship under the flag of the United States. This does not mean necessarily the right to vote. But as part of our very body politic why should not every Porto Rican have the same privileges that we have so far as he can meet the conditions required of us?

A DOG IN COURT

An interesting story came to our desk last month telling of a Pittsburgh judge who found a defendant guilty largely on the testimony of a dog. So many newspaper articles about animals are without foundation in fact that we wrote to the judge himself to learn the truth of the clipping. The story was that a little girl, Florence Boening, was attacked by a peddler, one John Madie. She was alone in the house. A pet collie dog attacked the assailant and so allowed the child to escape and seek refuge at a neighbor's. The man was afterwards arrested and brought into court. As the child was the only human witness against him the dog was summoned into court. The dog immediately sprang at Madie and was with great difficulty prevented from doing him serious injury. The judge decided that the corroborative evidence of the dog left no doubt of the man's guilt. We publish the letter to us from Judge Dillon:

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 1, 1915.

In reply to yours of the 24th of November, referring to the trial before me, in which a little girl by the name of Florence Boening was attacked by a peddler, one John Madie, and was saved from her assailant by a pet collie dog, and asking if it were true that when the dog was admitted into the court room it immediately sprang for Madie, the dog's attack upon this offender being taken as satisfactory ground that Madie was guilty of the assault; I wish to verify this story and say that the newspapers used a correct account of the happenings.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD F. DILLON,
Police Magistrate,

Woods Run Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

F.H.R.

HESIOD AND NATURE'S SEEMING CRUELTY

A friend, a lover of classical literature, and familiar with the best that has come down to us from Greek and Latin authors, has just called our attention to a significant fact. Nowhere among these ancient writers and thinkers, save in Hesiod, a Greek epic poet of the eighth century B. C., has he discovered anything that seems to indicate that the men of that far off day were seriously perplexed by the apparent cruelty in Nature—that "chain of destruction," according to which the stronger prey upon the weaker. In modern literature one finds this theme recurring again and again. Tennyson's "Nature, red in tooth and claw" that, "with

ravin, shriek'd against his creed" is perhaps the most familiar expression of it.

In the "Works and Days," Hesiod, addressing his brother, Perses, who had robbed him of his patrimony and had then come back, like the prodigal, to be taken care of, says: "Now, Perses, consider this and forget violence, for Jove ordained this law for men, and this law for fishes, and beasts, and winged creatures of the air, namely, that they should eat each other, since there is no spirit of ethical justice in them, but to men he gave this spirit of justice which is much better for them."

Where this ethical spirit does not exist nothing that can properly be called cruelty can exist. The hawk that swoops down upon the sparrow, the tiger that rends the antelope, following the law of their nature, are as innocent of cruelty as the avalanche that buries the traveler in its snows. It is certainly interesting to know that the problem growing out of this state of things in nature, seems never to have cried for an answer in the soul of ancient Greek and Roman save, if our friend does not mistake, in the case of Hesiod.

F.H.R.

A KNIGHTLY ADVENTURER

The Boston Herald has not hesitated to recognize the sincerity of Henry Ford in his widely-ridiculed adventure as a knight-errant of peace. It reproduces, from the columns of the New York Times, the fine lines we give below which are well worth the reading even by those who see in Mr. Ford only a dreamer. How divinely true the lines beginning,

"Yet better, dream-possessed, to falter down
In failure than to snicker like a clown
Over the dream."

F.H.R.

To the Dreamer

(Not mentioning any names.)

Come! let us lay a crazy lance in rest
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky.

GALSWORTHY.

I cannot help but love the knight who goes,
Unchampioned, derided by his foes
And friends, to seek the white star of his dream
In the black night. He only sees the gleam;
And, heeding neither laughter nor the sneers
Of sane complacency, his course he steers
Into the starless skies. Perchance for him
The gleam will never out of darkness swim.
Yet better, dream-possessed, to falter down
In failure than to snicker like a clown
Over the dream. God give us grace to see
The grandeur in the soul of errantry!

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

Studying the Birds in Winter

By WINTHROP PACKARD, Secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society



WINTER makes bird study an easy matter. The perplexities of the autumn migration with the scores of species passing through from the north, the young birds in their peculiar attire, the old

ones in the drabs and browns that some affect for winter wear in place of their vivid summer plumage, are gone on. The good old standbys, all-year friends, remain and are recognized without much difficulty. Moreover, the cold and snow tend to make them more friendly and familiar than in summer.

The chickadee may have refused our proffered nesting-box in May and taken his bride to the birches of the wood-margin and there fed and educated the family. But in December he is pretty sure to bring them to the garden, foraging among the sunflower and chickory planted there for him. The family will explore the trees for insect larvae and eggs and remembered store of suet hung there last winter. With them will, no doubt, appear the white-breasted nuthatches, curious acrobats of the bird world, the downy woodpeckers and the brown creepers. They seek similar food on the same trees and often one may note the distinct and invariable characteristics of the different birds at the same time. The chickadees flit from twig to twig, head up or head down as the need occurs, careless of attitude. Not so the woodpeckers. They may be capricious of movement, but their perch is always in the most correct form, upright, head back, tail down. Most methodical of all is the prim little brown creeper. He alights at the foot of the tree, works primly upward and swings a swift parabola from near the top to the base of the next one.

And then comes along the nuthatch, and reverses the brown creeper's action. He alights near the top of the tree and "yank yanks" himself downward. The chickadee does not object to being upside down, but the nuthatch insists on it. If a limb is to be explored he goes to the tip of it and works toward the trunk. But when he finds a chestnut, then is the time he shows this characteristic most prominently. The nuthatch deserves his name. Hatch is early English for chop, and he knows how to chop nuts open. When the crop is good, chestnuts may be found on the ground beneath the trees all winter.

It is fun to watch a nuthatch at work on one of these. He will eye the ground from his upside-down perch on the tree trunk much as a squirrel does and run down in quite the same way to pick up the big brown nut in his slender bill. Then he goes back to the tree and finds a V-shaped corrugation in the bark which will hold the nut—his chopping-block. Then he proceeds to "hatch" it. You might not think that slender bill had much chopping edge, or the little gray-blue, black and white bird much chopping power, but there is no chestnut that can withstand the nuthatch. The nut may leap from the block a

dozen times. He'll run down and get it again, placing it in the same groove, and in the end he'll split his way through the tough rind and get at the delicious meat within.

One winter day I watched one do this. It took him half an hour to get at his luncheon. Then he feasted royally. And then he turned a joyous

fluffed out his feathers till he looked not at all like a bird and hung there for thirty minutes. So far as I could make out with the bird glass he was fast asleep. His curious attitude probably made for safety for he looked far more like a brown-tail moth nest or a tangled fluff of plant-down than like a bird. By and by he waked up, tasted the remnant of his feast, turned up his nose at it, and went hand-springing off to another tree. The nuthatch is the goblin acrobat of the winter woods and his ways are a constant source of joy to the watcher.

The blue jay and crow are free-booters, none too well liked by the smaller birds and for good reason. The crow thrives in the midst of civilization, but long remembers man's enmity and keeps well out of gunshot in most times and places. But the jay—saucy rascal—comes to the house and jeers at us. He may build a nest on a bough near your window edge and repay your tolerance by eating the eggs of the song-

sparrow in the nest in the shrubbery by the front door. The jay is a bold, bad bird and ought to be kept in the depths of the wood where he belongs and where he has his uses. But in winter the small birds are safe and we are apt to admire his saucy ways and his handsome plumage and welcome him to the feeding-station. He will come to the window itself if you encourage him. In return you will do well to keep the suet well tied down or he will fly away with the whole lump.

You may not know the goldfinches when they come for the hemp and sunflower seeds which most people put out for them, at least not at first glimpse, for the goldfinch has lost much of his gold with the passing of summer. The black is still conspicuous on his cap, wings and tail, but only a little of the yellow glows through the drab and brown of his lesser feathers. He is the same sprightly chap, however, and twitters merrily as he feeds, showing the way to the siskins which often flock with his clan. The goldfinches love chickory seeds, and a garden plot full of these blue-eyed perennials will be golden with goldfinches as long as the seed lasts.

Yet, whatever the changes of plumage and habits are, our all-year birds are quite easily recognized and with them the amateur bird student soon becomes familiar. When the cold has come to stay and the real winter is upon us he who hunts with an opera-glass may yet find bird wonders waiting for him in field and wood, for the cold and diminishing food supply often send birds of the far north to us. The snowy owl and the white gyrfalcon may sweep on broad pinions over the snowy wastes, bringing a touch of arctic weirdness to the scene. The northern shrike may hang a meadow mouse in his improvised larder in the thorn hedge, for all these are occasional winter visitors.

More likely to be seen, however, and indeed more welcome, are the pine grosbeaks. Something of the aurora has touched these sleek birds of the north and they slip along the snow suffused with tints of dawn. Sleek and demure as kittens they are and often without fear of man, almost allowing him to pick them up. Evening gros-



"THE TREE-SPARROW IS A FEARLESS FORAGER"

handspring to the topmost twig of the tall tree and went to bed. The nuthatch, like most hole-nesting birds, seeks a hole in a tree or a nesting-box for shelter through the long bitter winter nights. But this was merely an after-dinner nap and the bird took it in the most curious way. He hung himself head downward by one claw,



"THE BLUE JAY DARES OTHERS TO IN-
TRUDE"

beaks—chance visitors from the far northwest—may come, and siskins, redpolls, juncos and tree-sparrows are to be expected.

The best way to study these birds is to tramp the fields and find them. The hunting spirit is strong in us all and it is a far greater joy to stalk wild creatures when we may bag them with opera-glass and note-book, yet leave them wild and free as ever. The zest of exercise in the keen winter air is payment enough even if the bag is small. But, one may go still-hunting as well. It is a fine charity to put out constant supplies of food for the wintering birds and one may attract them to the door by doing it and observe and photograph them from the warmth and comfort of the house.

To feed the birds in winter is a simple matter. To feed them well is a fine art. Crumbs from the table, scraps of meat or suet from the larder, chaff from the haymow, all will serve, yet certain special foods are especially attractive. The chickadees love sunflower seed as well as suet and the nuthatches will hatch them on angled bark chopping-blocks as readily as they will chestnuts. The juncos and tree-sparrows love hemp-seed, and nut meats attract them all. When the snow is deep "chicken grit" is eagerly sought. All birds must have gravel for their crop's sake and the ice and snow give them scant opportunity to get it. These, with wheat, buckwheat, milo-maize and kaffir corn mixed in the right proportions make a very attractive food for the winter birds, and the pleasure of watching them eat it is well worth the expense and trouble of providing it.

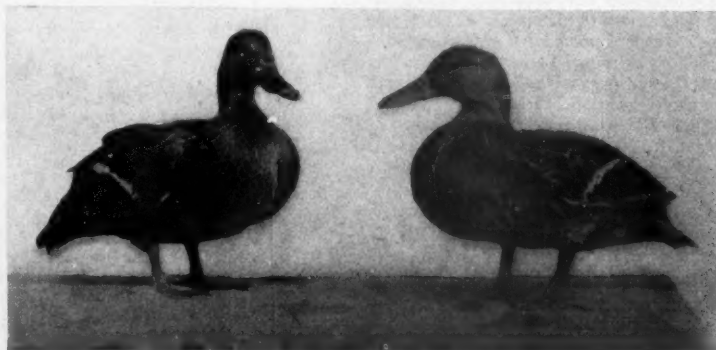
TWO WANDERING DUCKS

Kingsville, Ontario, is the summer home of two ducks, migrant birds, about whose lives many interesting things are known. They were hatched from eggs of a wild mallard by a domestic fowl in the spring of 1912, and before the instinct prompted them to journey far to the south in the first autumn, name-plates bearing also their home address were fastened upon their legs.

There were four birds originally. One was shot only a few miles from home the very day after they all started on their first migration. The second, also a victim of the shot-gun, was killed the next spring in Kentucky, and so the two sisters, Polly and Delilah, are all that are left.

Last winter Polly was badly wounded but escaped death narrowly. Part of her bill was shot away and one of her feet badly injured. About Christmas time the sisters start on their long and dangerous flight, and between the 10th and 20th of March they come back to the home of their birth. One cannot help thinking of that verse in Bryant's "To a Waterfowl," in connection with the journeys of these birds:

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost."



"POLLY" AND "DELILAH," MIGRANT DUCKS

Rustic Bird Fountain at San Diego by FELIX J. KOCH



BIRD BATH AND FOUNTAIN

CONSIDER THE QUAIL

It is estimated that a single quail destroys 75,000 bugs and 6,000,000 weed seeds annually.

A quail killed in a Kansas wheat field had the remains of 2000 Hessian flies in its craw, and the Hessian fly causes a loss of \$20,000,000 to the wheat growers of the country every year.

It is not enough to protect the song-birds! It is high time to look to the future of the quail, one of the most beneficial of all our birds, lest the sportsman and his dog, the snare, the trap and the net reduce him to total extinction.

The quail's decreasing numbers make it apparent that he cannot be saved from extinction, if classed only as a game-bird. He is a song-bird as well, a pre-eminent insectivorous bird, such as nearly all the States protect at all seasons. Why not then give him peace and security by placing him on the song-bird list?

ALL manner of clever hints and suggestions have come from the great exposition at San Diego, but none more helpful both to the feathered friends and the lover of the garden beautiful, than the rustic bird-fountain in the big Palace of Horticulture at the Fair.

This bird-fountain took the form of a rustic, country well-top, the well, however, consisting of a simple, inexpensive concrete basin; surrounded by a low wall of native rocks. Water, here, was shallow enough for the birds to bathe in, and the great flock of lovely singing-birds turned loose in the great grove here were not slow to take advantage of it.

Over the well, two, wee pails hung, the one counter-weighting the other. These were kept filled with water, in turn, that the thirsty birds might drink.

Every so often, as you watched, canary, finch, or some other bird, would flit down, indulge in a bath in the pool, then, knowing where purer water for drinking could be found, would circle up and away and then descend, but to perch itself on the edge of a pail and drink to its heart's content.

A bird-fountain such as this can be set up by any amateur in concreting. It costs little and makes an ornament that should last for all time.

HOW WAR AFFECTS BIRDS

The tumult of arms and the noise of artillery do not make the same impression on all kinds of birds. Whereas some do not seem at all exercised nor affected, others are terrified and take flight, so says a writer in *L'Ami des Animaux*, Geneva, from which we have translated the following:

In the north of France, in the midst of the horrors of battles, blackbirds stay in the bushes or hedges, practising the strictest neutrality. The lark delights the combatants with his morning song. A pair of swallows made their nest in the heart of the trenches, where, due to the humanity of the soldiers, they were not allowed to want for anything. The starling and the gray bunting have no fear of the war. On the contrary, the yellow bunting, the titmouse, the chaffinch, and the goldfinch, have almost entirely disappeared. The partridges and the buzzards fly with all the strength of their wings to escape bombs and bullets.

England has become a place of refuge, a sort of terrestrial paradise for these fugitive birds. But there also they may be reached at times by the flying projectiles.

LAST FLIGHT OF THE WILD GOOSE

By HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER

Hark! there's a cry in the dark of the night—
The wild goose southward flying
Calls to his mate in the line of flight;
Laggard she and dying.

Pinions droop, and she flies beneath
The long swift fleet that's steering
Out of the storm to the southland's wreath
Of sunshine and unweaving.

Straight for the land of the flow'ry realm
The pilot bird is leading.
He lists his mate's distress—the helm
He quits—and he hears her pleading.

He falls behind, and he cheers his mate—
And a new pilot is flying
To the southland glad with a glad elate—
And the worn-out ones are dying.

The Horses' Rest-Farm by ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

They were run-down and sick, now almost well,
But not quite strong enough to work—not quite.
Then, O, how sweet, after the hospital,
The "rest-farm," where life's burden seems so light!

O, the cool plush of the wide, grassy lane!
O, the clear air where low hills rise and dip!
And, O, the half-light of the whispering trees—
No collar, no hard load, no urging whip!

Food that is nourishing—yes, and enough!
Wide stalls, and only kindly voices near.
A place where horses' rights are recognized,
Where mercy reigns—not cruelty nor fear.

A week or two of this can mean so much
To give them strength ere they must take again
The over-hours of toil, the jerking bit,
The harsh command, the hard streets' stiffening strain.

Tom, the delivery horse, jerked here and there,
Can roll and stretch, and almost feel quite well.
Poor thin old Charley gains a "20 lbs."
Bill, the fire-horse, needs hear no gong or bell.

Thank God that there are "rest-farms" such as this
For these dear workers who receive no gold.
Would that such farms were scattered o'er the land.
Who gives to them shall reap "an hundred fold!"

DON'TS FOR DRIVERS

Don't ride on your horse's mouth.

Don't use blinders or tight checkreins.

Don't lose your temper with a young horse.

Don't feed yourself until you have fed your horse.

Don't give your horse too much to eat at a feed.

Don't bring your horse home sweating and turn him out in wet or cold weather.

Don't leave your horse tied up in bad weather while you are in comfortable shelter.

Don't begrudge a good price where you are sure you are getting a good animal.



THE THREE GRACES

GOOD NEWS FROM SWITZERLAND

M. Jerome Perinet, the representative of our American Humane Education Society at Geneva, and the "Introduceur des Lignes de Bonté en Europe," writes us, under date of 21st November; "At Geneva there is at this moment a movement in favor of the Bands of Mercy. The Minister of Public Instruction has authorized those interested to meet at a place he has designated and which he has provided, to discuss the entire question as to the introduction of these Bands into the public schools of Switzerland." M. Perinet also writes, "In France they have adopted a system which seems to be working finely. The master of the school distributes each week to the members of the Bands a sheet of paper upon which they write the special kindnesses shown by them to man and beast during the week. These reports are not signed. When the deeds of kindness deserve particular mention it is always done without giving the name of the pupil." Here is a fine suggestion for teachers in our American schools.

F.H.R.

CARE OF HORSES' FEET

The foot of the draft horse should be large and open at the hoof-heads. Too little attention is paid by some to this point of the horse. The feet are called upon to withstand concussion and strain as no other part of the body is subjected to.—*The Crow Bar.*

A LIVE BRANCH

Such certainly is the Worcester Branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Under the efficient presidency of Mr. Thomas F. O'Flynn, the principal of the Ledge Street School, it began its career with enthusiasm and determination. It planned for a thorough campaign in the public schools, which was faithfully carried out, it set itself to the task of strengthening in every way the hands of our agent for the county, Mr. Robert L. Dyson, and made its influence felt in the life of the city. Under Mrs. Charles F. Darling, the present energetic, courageous and capable president, it has steadily advanced in influence with the community, seized every opportunity to awaken public interest and to secure better protection for animals, besides doing a great deal along the lines of humane education. Through its activity the writer was asked last month to speak before the Twentieth Century Club of Worcester upon the work of the Society and Humane Education. Such a Branch, wisely and vigorously managed as this one is, does great credit to the cause it represents.

F.H.R.

Remember that nine-tenths of the unkindness to animals is due to want of thought and lack of knowledge. Personal influence, backed by knowledge, will better accomplish our purpose than force.

HORSE MOURNS FOR MASTER

A dispatch from Petersburg, Indiana, to the Indianapolis News reads as follows:

Two minutes before Riley Lane, the oldest business man in Petersburg, died, watchers at his bedside heard a noise at the door, and when it was opened, in walked Mr. Lane's old horse Dobbins, which stood at the bedside of its master until led away by friends. How the horse got out of the stable and to the house no one knows. Dobbins and its master were inseparable companions. It is safe to say that Dobbins will get good care the rest of his days.

HEROIC WAR-HORSES

A correspondent who is with the armies at the front thus sums up the service that the horses are so nobly performing:

"Naturally the extended use of motor-traction has relieved the acute demand for horses, but in the last extremity, where roads are non-existent or have been destroyed, the horse will always be called upon to play a large part in the problem of the enemy's advance. He will suffer, alas! in ways which to the horse-lover are a torture to contemplate. He will contribute his patient share of suffering for causes which he does not understand; instead of giving his help to the culture of the soil, he will drag death-dealing machinery from place to place; he will drop from exhaustion. and perish in numberless evil ways, and his name will never be mentioned in dispatches. No poet will enshrine his name in imperishable verse; yet he is by no means the least heroic figure of this frightful struggle."

"He made no enemies" you say!

My friend your boast is poor!

He who hath ventured in the fray

Of duty that the brave endure

Must have made foes! If HE had none,

Then small the good that he hath done!

He smote no traitor on the hip!

He dashed no cup from perjured lip!

He fought not wrong nor fended right!

He was a coward in the fight!

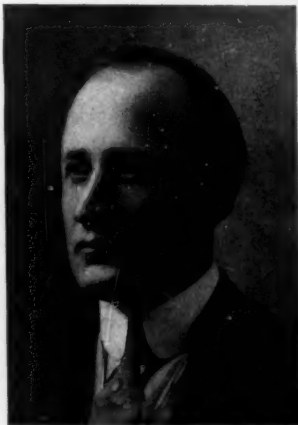
American Apostles of the Larger Humanity

A Group of the Field Workers of the American Humane Education Society

We present here the portraits of twelve of the most prominent field workers employed by the American Humane Education Society of Boston. The majority of them are devoting their entire time to the work of the Society; the others receiving compensation for partial time. As will be seen by their addresses, they represent every section of the country—North, South, East and West. They perform a variety of service—writing, teaching and preaching the gospel of

kindness to every living creature. The results of their efforts are found in columns of press notices; in the organization of Bands of Mercy in public schools and elsewhere; in readings, addresses, lectures, sermons, often delivered before large and enthusiastic audiences; in the organization of humane education and anti-cruelty societies, some of which have been the means of revolutionizing humane sentiment in their respective communities.

Several of these men and women are engaged where local humane organizations are few in number and small in membership and influence, as is often true of the rural sections of the South. From all directions the cry for help is coming, and it is through these representatives, carefully picked for their sterling qualities and fine ability, that the American Humane Education Society is responding with the best talent that can be found with the funds at its disposal.



JAMES D. BURTON
Harriman, Tennessee



MRS. VIRGINIA S. MERCER
Salem, Ohio



MARY HARROLD
Washington, D. C.



REV. RICHARD CARROLL
Columbia, South Carolina



LOUISE H. GUYOL
Boston, Massachusetts



MRS. JENNIE R. NICHOLS
Boise, Idaho



MRS. L. T. WEATHERSBEE
Savannah, Georgia



ELLA A. MARYOTT
Boston, Massachusetts



MRS. ALICE L. PARK
Palo Alto, California



MRS. E. L. DIXON
Columbia, South Carolina



MRS. RACHEL C. HOGUE
San Diego, California



REV. F. RIVERS BARNWELL
Fort Worth, Texas

The Need of Humane Education Laws

[Extracts from paper presented at convention of American Humane Association, St. Augustine, Florida, November 11, 1915, by Miss Elizabeth W. Olney, corresponding secretary of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, Providence.]



IT certainly would be a blessing to the present and succeeding generations, if more rapid strides could be made in having regular systematic instruction in the care of domestic animals and the protection of birds introduced into every school. Wherever humane education methods are understood and carried out for any length of time we always hear of good results.

So much depends in the development of his moral and spiritual nature upon the first few years of a child's life that it is to be deplored that every home is not an ideal home in respect to teaching by example of parents and adult members of the household, the kindness, thoughtfulness and consideration due dumb creatures as well as human beings. It has been proved satisfactorily that the education of the heart is even more essential to the welfare of society and to the individual happiness, than the education of the intellect, and children are entitled to both. Children are fond of animals and by no other means can kindness be so thoroughly inculcated in them as by humane teaching. An able teacher after two years' trial wrote, "I find it the best kind of discipline and worth any amount of effort." The child who in his tenderest years has received such instruction at home will expect to find it in the school, and those who may not have been so favored in the home will need it even more from the teacher. It should not be difficult to persuade the average citizen that it is a duty to help place this important subject in the curriculum of the schools.

In my own experience I have found that Normal Schools, above all other places, are where it pays to carry humane education methods, illustrated lectures and literature.

It more depends upon teachers than upon law-makers or humane society officers or officials whether the children in the schools of today receive an adequate amount of humane instruction in the best possible way. The teacher's knowledge of this vital subject and her interest in it will measure the degree of help that her pupils are to receive, and the progress they will make. It is only when we are heartily enthusiastic about a subject that we can inspire others to give loving and earnest service in its behalf. Every teacher in states and provinces that do not, at present, have humane education laws as well as those that do, should be reached with a respectful request that all his pupils be encouraged to know the Band of Mercy pledge so well by frequent repetition at school that he can and will repeat it at home.

Kindness to all living creatures will manifest itself in obedience to parents and teachers, unselfishness and gentleness toward brothers, sisters and playmates, presenting to them an example

of the courtesy that springs from true kindness of heart. Children should feel that their membership in the Band of Mercy or humane society is a life membership, each succeeding year seeing the same duties to be performed, and ever widening fields of activity. There is abundant material for Band of Mercy talks, lessons and meetings; the usefulness of animals, the wonderful way in which the Creator has fitted each species for its special work, the proper care and treatment of those dependent upon us, and the need of protection of song and insectivorous birds, cannot be over estimated.

The young can help influence public opinion. They can tell of the inestimable good that has been done, and of the suffering ended or prevented, and if not successful at first, their influence will surely be felt by their persistent pleadings with humane persons. Vacation and rest homes, for those noble, patient creatures, the working horses, are philanthropies for which provision should be made.

Free treatment of horses and other domestic animals of the poor is one of the noblest of charities. The opening in Boston of the George T. Angell Memorial Animal Hospital was an event which brought relief not only to many a dumb creature, but to all sympathizers with these helpless friends and fellow creatures. Such forms of humane effort may be explained to Band of Mercy members, and in places where any of these institutions exist they will gladly further the work by making it known to others. Where none of these philanthropies exist, they can agitate whichever one is most needed and a beginning may be made in a small way through their endeavors. What more beautiful way of obeying the injunction, "Open thy mouth for the dumb," and of regarding the lives of the creatures God has placed in our care? When they reach manhood and womanhood children taught to delight in anticipating such work, and in doing whatever comes to their hands as preparatory work, will not lead aimless and selfish lives.

WORK-HORSE RELIEF ASSOCIATION Stable Inspection

The Boston Work-Horse Relief Association has just issued its annual circular inviting entries for the stable inspection. The inspection is made by experts employed and paid by the Association, and there is no entry fee or charge of any kind. This system has been in successful operation for nine years, and among the stables inspected last year were those of the city of Boston, the Boston Ice Company, the General Baking Company, the Boston American, and Moulton and Holmes. The inspectors' reports are made confidentially to the proprietor and to no one else. The prizes are unlimited in number, and are awarded to owners, foremen, and stablemen at the time of the parade. Stables of all kinds, including livery stables, may be entered, and it makes no difference whether a stable contains one horse or one hundred horses.

Entry blanks may be obtained at the office of the Association, 15 Beacon Street, Boston.

ON CITY PAVEMENTS

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

O for a road that is soft and smooth
Like the country roads I knew;
Where cruel stones never racked my limbs,
Or tore from my foot a shoe.

O'er city pavements I'm jerked and pulled;
My joints are swollen and sore;
My muscles ache as I strain to haul
My load,—and I'd fain implore

A moment's rest from the pavement's jolt;
Yet onward my steps must go.
I cannot say where my feet may tread,—
I'm the slave of a man, you know.

Were speech the gift of a horse, I ween,
Full many a plaint like mine
Would voice itself in the city streets
When work-horses get in line.

It's the lash of a whip and an urging rein,
A curse if our muscles fail
To pull the wheels o'er the blocking stones
That ever our steps assail.

And I sometimes wish that the men who make
The laws for our city might go
For just one day with a load like mine
Through streets where the ice and snow

Have made the pavement a treacherous snare
To muscles injured to pain.
Would they to the Council Chambers go
And make the same laws again?

THE TOLL OF THE HUNTERS

A correspondent in Florida writes to *Our Dumb Animals* that he has kept the statistics of the hunters killed in each hunting season, and that he finds the total for the last seven years amounts to seven hundred! This past season there were 59 killed and 66 wounded in eighteen States. He encloses a clipping, "After Deer Killing Week," from the pen of Henry M. Dyckman of Westfield, and published in *The Republican*, of Springfield, Massachusetts, from which we quote:

"I know a man living in Springfield who told me about the killing of a doe. He described how he wounded her, pursued her, saw her piteous look as he cut her throat, and then he described the awful revulsion of feeling that swept over him as she lay dying at his feet. 'But,' said he to me, 'I felt conscious all the time that I would do it again.' This was a clergyman over one of the large churches! Now is it possible that such a man could give way to this passion to kill, should accustom himself to witness suffering which he himself has caused, and still possess the finer sensibilities unblunted?

"When a boy I read Charles Dudley Warner's 'Hunting of the Deer.' I shall never forget it. I consider it one of the classics in our American literature, and it should be read by every one. May I suggest to all who would like to see this cruel 'sport' abolished to put a copy of this story into the hands of every would-be Nimrod. I think this would do much to stop a custom which is alike a disgrace to the State and the age in which we live."

Read on page 121 about the Gift Shop



PRIZE-WINNING JACKS AND JENNETS AT PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Photograph from *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago

A TRAMP'S FAREWELL TO HIS DOG

By I. B. STUART

Good-bye, my faithful friend, good-bye;
 For ten long years together
 We've roamed from sea to rolling sea,
 In mild and stormy weather.
 We've heard the coyote's wailing cry
 In Rocky Mountain canyons,
 From Marblehead to Puget Sound
 We've traveled as companions.
 From old Cape Horn to Behring Strait
 Through heat and cold we've wandered;
 From Natal, east, to Lima, west,
 The careless days we've squandered.

When I could walk no more, I've laid
 My head on you, a weary,
 And when my heart has lonely been,
 You've made the way less dreary.
 Your tongue has licked the tears away
 When I have wept in sorrow,
 And when the nights were cold and dark,
 You've helped me face the morrow.
 When men have kicked me from their door,
 My humble plea disdaining,
 And cursed me with a bitter curse,
 I've had one friend remaining.

How can I spare you, canine friend,
 Comrade in all my rambles?
 My road from now will all be hard,
 My pathway all be brambles.
 You've read the feelings of my heart
 With more than man's acumen;
 Your loyalty men equalled not;
 Your love was more than human.
 Farewell once more, my noble friend,
 With tears we part forever;
 Though dogs may come, and dogs may go,
 I will forget you never.

THE CRUELITIES OF TRAPPING

The Burlingame, California, *Advance* recently published the following editorial:

Cost of Your Furs in Torture

Under the above caption the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sends out a circular containing the most compelling argument for a greater regard for the suffering of the lower animals. Numerous illustrations from photographs taken of trappers who have caught the fur-bearing animals in the "steel trap—man's cruellest device," are shown in the circular. Animals are shown with a wail of agony, standing in the snow with a crushed foot in the trap.

Other actual photographs show the stump of the leg gnawed off by the wild creature in order that it might escape from its torture and captor. And others demonstrate the cruelty of the trapper, who, instead of mercifully killing the trapped animal at first opportunity is holding the trap by the chain while the animal suffers, not only from the pain of the maimed foot but from the terror of being unable to get away from his worst enemy—the trapper. When one considers that nearly every glossy fur worn—the pride of the wearer in many instances and commanding the admiration of the wearer's friends—represents a cruelty of the kind cited by the S. P. C. A., we can but agree with the Massachusetts society that laws should be passed preventing this cruelty.

A copy of the pamphlet referred to will be sent to any interested person upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Fenway Station, Boston.

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS IN THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL MAY BE ENDOWED BY INDIVIDUALS. SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR FOR A HORSE STALL, THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR FOR A KENNEL.



"POLARIS," IN THE SERVICE OF DR. GRENFELL

He is said to be the finest living specimen of pure-blood, North Greenland, Eskimo dog; formerly owned by Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes of Meriden, New Hampshire. The picture shows him with his pack in which he carries mail and express packages in winter. He is a grandson of dogs that went to the North Pole with Admiral Peary. Mr. Baynes has presented Polaris to Dr. Grenfell to assist him in his work in Labrador.

"DR. PENNY"

By PAUL C. RANKIN

PENNY" was only a little brown dog, but he was a knowing little chap with a fund of cleverness and the doctor who owned him said he was his first assistant. Penny was the constant companion of the doctor and when the latter called on patients, he could be found waiting at the door for his master's appearance or, if the people liked dogs, he would be found waiting inside the house, where his presence often acted as a tonic for the sick folks. With children he was a great favorite and his tricks seemed to help the little patients as much as the medicine his master prescribed for them.

One morning, the doctor was ill, too ill to make his rounds, and Penny was greatly disturbed by his master's delay. Finally he could stand it no longer and starting out, he trotted up to the door of the first house the doctor had visited the morning before. Scratching at the door, he waited until it was opened, then walked right in and up to the sick chamber. Staying a few moments, he returned to the door and scratched to be let out. The entire morning was spent in visiting houses where he had followed his master that week. Long before he reached home, the doctor's telephone was ringing to tell of the professional calls of Dr. Penny. The doctor was sick for several days but until he was able to resume his practice, Penny made the rounds alone.

No wonder that the doctor felt particularly sad a few years later when Penny got hold of poison that had been put out to destroy animals that some one did not like.

A VERSATILE COW

The Toadville *Tidings* advertises a cow for sale as follows:—

"For sale—A full-blooded cow, giving milk, also three tons of hay, a wheelbarrow, a grindstone, two stoves, a scythe and a democrat wagon."—*Helena (Montana) Independent.*

HELPED TO SUCCESS BY DOG

Waiting for his master and the call to service that he had long since loved to perform is about all that faithful Jack, a Denver dog, can do now to beguile his lonely hours. He can't be convinced that his invalid master is gone, for good and all, and that there are no more journeys to go; in short, he can't understand why his harness is not adjusted to him so that he can pull the wheel-chair and his master down town to business.

Herschel R. Hubbard, the dog's true friend, more still, the apple of his eye, died a month ago, after eleven years of almost total invalidity during which he was dependent upon his dog for the means of locomotion.

At the age of fifteen Hubbard met with an accident that nearly cost him his life and made him for the rest of his days a paralytic, except for the use of his arms. But he was a young man of courage and optimism and resolved to earn his living, notwithstanding his physical helplessness. He opened a candy and cigar store in a busy section of the city and was successful from the start. In the early morning he was drawn in his chair to the store by the dog and home again at night by his four-footed assistant.

There seemed to exist between the man and dog a tie stronger than that of mere animal affection, stronger perhaps than friendship, and so dog Jack waits on for his master whom he some day expects to find.

THE NEW HUMANE CALENDAR

The Humane Calendar for 1916 is now ready. The picture is that of the dogs used on the front cover of this issue of "Our Dumb Animals." The calendar leaves for each month are filled with helpful suggestions. Single copies, postpaid, 15 cents. Greatly reduced prices for large orders. Local societies may have their own imprint, with names of officers, etc., if desired.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, January, 1916

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts over 1200 words in length.

REFORMING AND PUNISHING

The attitude of our Society toward those who violate the anti-cruelty laws is well expressed by former Superintendent Scott of the Massachusetts Reformatory, when he says, in discussing the reformatory treatment of prisoners, "Its purpose is to persuade the willing, compel the wilful and punish the obdurate."

No little cruelty is inflicted upon animals because of ignorance. Often a sudden loss of temper sweeps a man on to a cruel act. In a first offense, where the offender has not been deliberately and maliciously cruel, and where he admits with regret his deed, he should be given a chance to redeem himself by guarding against a similar deed in the future. Not only is such an offender generally led to see the wrong of his conduct, but he is won as a friend to the Society and the cause it represents, instead of being embittered against it and moved, perhaps, to take his revenge in secret upon some unfortunate animal.

This is not the treatment to be meted out to the wilful and obdurate, or to the man who repeats, after warning and admonition, his cruel act.

The policy of the Society is primarily to educate and persuade rather than to prosecute. This policy we believe is vastly more effective, in the end, in saving the animals themselves from suffering, than the policy that prosecutes whenever there seems to be a chance for a conviction.

F.H.R.

A TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER

Among the well-known lovers of animals in this country is Miss Lotta Crabtree, so long widely known as a leading American actress. In a recent interview with a newspaper representative in San Francisco she pays this beautiful tribute to her mother:

"My mother has meant so much to me. The greatest favor that could be done me would be to have my mother's name mentioned in the newspapers whenever mine is printed. To her I owe everything; what I am, what I have been, is all due to her. She is the one who recognized ability in me. In myself I had no confidence. I acted, studied, rehearsed, because she told me to."

Many celebrated men have borne witness to the overmastering influence upon them of their mother. Not so frequently have such tributes been paid by distinguished women to a mother's guiding and inspiring devotion.

In the mother's hands, more than in those of any other, lies the future of the child. Humane mothers, teaching their children the just claims upon them of all defenseless life, human and sub-human, are ultimately the great reformers of the saddest wrongs from which this poor world suffers.

F.H.R.

THE CRUELTY OF DEHORNING

It is greatly to be regretted by all humanitarians that the U. S. Department of Agriculture not only countenances the dehorning of cattle, but sends out a Bulletin giving full directions as to how to perform the cruel operation. After describing how the animal is to be roped so it cannot move its head, it continues, "The horns should be severed" (by the saw) "from a quarter to a half inch below where the skin joins the base of the horn." It also approves of the use, where many cattle are to be dehorned, and time is an element of value, of the dehorning clippers—these are powerful shears that cut off the horn, supposedly at a single stroke.

As to the cruelty of the act it says, "Those who have had an extensive experience in dehorning appear (italics ours) to agree that the pain induced has been greatly overestimated." Much experience in such deeds seldom increases sensitiveness to suffering. In justice to the Department it should be said, it condemns the attempt to dehorn with an axe, since, no matter how true the aim of the axman, a slight movement of the animal's head "would be liable to cause, if nothing more serious, the infliction of unnecessary pain and suffering." In this country the suffering of the animal, as in transportation and slaughter, is secondary to the question of time—which is money.

Now hear the English veterinarians in the famous case of the Royal S. P. C. A. against one Wiley in 1888. Professor Walley, of Royal Dick's Veterinary College, Edinburgh, testifies, "The bone" (that is at the base of the horn) "is covered on its external surface by one of the most vascular and most sensitive structures in the body. . . . Every tooth of the saw, as it tears through this structure, causes excruciating pain, and the inflammation following the operation produces great and prolonged suffering." Professor McCall of the Glasgow Veterinary College testified, "I have heard the evidence of Professor Walley and I agree with him that the operation is one of extreme torture at the time and afterwards." To the same effect was the testimony of Professor William Pritchard, of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, Professor Cox, of the same college, and many other veterinarians and Fellows of veterinary colleges. The decision of the Lord High Justice, too long to quote, concludes (the case had been appealed from the lower court which had found for the defendant on the ground that he had had no cruel intent):

"From what I have already said, and for reasons I have given, it follows that, in my opinion, the practice of dishorning is a cruel, unreasonable, and unnecessary abuse of the animals operated upon, and, therefore, is illegal and ought to be suppressed; and that the magistrates ought to have convicted the respondent." This is why dehorning is forbidden by law in Great Britain. Can the United States with its vast cattle industries afford to be less humane? That we are to our reproach and shame. Here, too, it must be stopped. Some day, if horns are not wanted, we shall begin with the week-old calf and by the painless and simple use of a little caustic potash on the moistened spot where the horn starts, prevent its growth.

F.H.R.

WHAT A JUDGE SAID

Members of the legal profession are not supposed to merit the charge of being unduly under the influence of sentiment. Yet it was a judge in one of the courts of western Massachusetts who said, in finding a man guilty for the illegal shooting of a deer, that "shooting of deer is legalized slaughter," that "he was strongly opposed to it, that he was convinced that it caused men to become more brutal after having had a week of such hunting."

F.H.R.

RELIEF OF CIRCUS ANIMALS

An unknown friend sends us a contribution to be used for the relief of circus animals. In addition to such action as we can take in Massachusetts to prevent the unkind treatment of all trick animals exhibited in this State, we know of no other way to serve this end than to continue to call the attention of the public to the fact that in nearly all cases these unfortunate creatures are trained by methods involving great cruelty. *Our Dumb Animals* has repeatedly emphasized this and sought to create a public opinion against these exhibitions that would destroy their popularity. Letters from private individuals to theatres and other places of amusement where these performances are part of the program would materially help toward this same end. F.H.R.

A JUDGE'S OPINION OF OUR AGENTS

Judge Charles A. Barnard, for nearly twenty-five years municipal court judge in the Brighton District, has just retired from office. None of our judges have left a finer record for integrity of character and fidelity in service. Entirely unsolicited, and just because it occurred to him to do it, he wrote us last month the following letter:

"In retiring from the office of Justice of the Brighton Court, which I have held so long, I wish to bear testimony to the faithfulness and efficiency of the agents of your Society—Mr. Pope, Mr. Allen, Mr. Fuller, Dr. Flanagan, and all the others—in the conduct of the cases which they have had occasion to bring before the Court. I have always felt that I could rely not only upon the accuracy of their testimony, but also upon their sound judgment, and it has been a pleasure for me to cooperate with them in promoting kindness, justice and mercy to our lowly kin, the dumb animals."

Such a tribute from one like Judge Barnard to our agents is a fine testimony to their character and fitness for their tasks.

A few days after this letter came, another judge before whom one of our agents was trying a case, opposed by the offender, his counsel and six witnesses, said, "In spite of the testimony of these witnesses for the defence, I cannot believe that this agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would stand here and perjure himself. The accused is fined fifty dollars."

F.H.R.

ANOTHER MEDAL

The Society has just awarded another medal for a brave and kindly deed. On Boston Common, November 23, a pigeon was discovered hanging head downward from the branch of a tall elm-tree after having vainly sought to free itself from a string that had entangled it. Some one had evidently tried to trap it. It had broken away with the cord dangling from its leg, lighted upon the tree and become entangled in the twine.

There was no ladder. A crowd soon gathered. The bird would struggle a few moments and then drop exhausted. Samuel H. Benjaminsohn, a young lad seeing the situation, climbed the elm, a tall one and branching high up from the ground, at last reached the bird where, hanging on with one hand and opening his knife with the other and his teeth, he succeeded in getting the bird free, brought it down, took the string from the leg and then gave it its liberty.

It was a difficult task, heroically and nobly undertaken and accomplished. We are pleased to award him one of our medals for this act of humanity.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.



Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Trustees of Permanent Funds

Alfred Bowditch Laurence Minot
Thomas Nelson Perkins

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100

Notice:—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Chief Agent
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL THEODORE W. PEARSON
HARRY L. ALLEN WALTER B. POPE
HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON
(THOS. LANGLAN)
FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. } Veterinarians.
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., }

County Agents

CHARLES F. CLARK, Saugus, Essex County
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, Medford, Middlesex
DEXTER A. ATKINS, 31 Elm Street, Springfield,
Hampden and Hampshire
ROBERT L. DYSON, 339 Main Street, Worcester,
Worcester and Franklin
George Bieberbach, Assistant, City of Worcester
FRANK G. PHILLIPS, Nahant, Norfolk and Plymouth
HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield, Bristol, Nantucket and
Dukes
WILLIAM H. LYNCH, 68 Foster Street, New Bedford,
Bristol
WM. H. IRWIN, Cotuit, Barnstable
FRED M. TRUESDELL, 59 Elm Street, Pittsfield,
Berkshire

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	3467
Peddlers' horses examined	138
Number of prosecutions	28
Number of convictions	26
Horses taken from work	97
Horses humanely destroyed	157

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	21,893
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	52

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received gifts of \$3137.85 from "friends," \$200 from Mrs. L. N. K., \$100 from Hon. C. A. B., \$25 from Hon. W. M. C., and \$15 from Mrs. S. P. B.; and \$290.24, interest.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Edward Friebe of Cohasset, Mrs. Lydia A. Putney of Lexington, and Mary Ann Smith of Chelsea.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$2000 from "a friend," \$105.15 from a co-worker for distribution of humane literature, \$21.67 from C. T. D., and \$15 from Mrs. M. D. P.; and \$677.08, interest.

Boston, December 14, 1915.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100
F. J. FLANAGAN, M. D. C., V.S.,
Chief Veterinarian
H. F. DAILEY, V. M. D.,
Assistant Chief Veterinarian
D. L. BOLGER, D. V. S. } Visiting
C. A. BOUTELLE, D. V. S. } Veterinarians
T. B. McDONALD, D. V. S. }
Treatment for sick or injured animals.

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Sat-
urday from 11 to 1.

Small Pet Boarding Department

Address Miss Marion P. Frost. Special
telephone, Brookline 348.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Cases entered	191
Dogs	83
Cats	60
Horses	46
Unclassified	2
Operations	28

Free Dispensary

Cases	244
Dogs	144
Cats	83
Horses	11
Birds	4
Unclassified	2
Hospital cases since opening, March 1	1398
Free Dispensary cases	2037

Total 3435

THE NEW AGENT FOR BERKSHIRE COUNTY

In response to a petition signed by many leading citizens of Berkshire county, Mr. Fred M. Truesdell, formerly deputy sheriff at Great Barrington, has just been appointed agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for that county.

Mr. Truesdell has moved to Pittsfield, where he began his work December 13. He can be reached at 59 Elm Street, Telephone 2871-W. All complaints relative to the cruel treatment of animals in the county should be made to him. Mr. Truesdell will visit regularly Williamstown, Adams and North Adams.

The appointment was made only after a careful investigation of Mr. Truesdell's fitness for the position, and upon the unanimous recommendation of a large number of prominent people to whom he is well known.

"TOO LONG, TOO LONG"

In reading a large number of manuscripts that have been received for *Our Dumb Animals*, we are inspired to write, what we find ourselves constantly saying about these offerings—"Too long, too long." If contributors would only boil down their stories, by omitting all that is unnecessary and retaining only that which is of very unusual interest, how happy editors would be!

OUR ADVERTISERS

We accept no advertisements back of which we cannot stand. Wherever our readers can patronize those who advertise with us we shall greatly appreciate it. If it can be brought to the advertiser's attention that his announcement in "Our Dumb Animals" has been influential in securing or retaining a customer it will materially aid us in our work.

GIFT SHOP IS NOW OPEN For the M. S. P. C. A. Vacation Home for Horses and Other Animals

The "Be Kind to Animals" Vacation Home for Horses and Other Animals, where they may receive scientific care while recuperating from sickness or operation, after treatment at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, will presently be a reality.

The need of this vacation home has been apparent for some months, for in most cases all that is necessary to restore health to horses is the freedom of the farm, country air, green pastures, good water and the like; and for other animals similar country treatment.

To raise the money necessary to buy and maintain a suitable farm, Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, the friend who originated the Gift Shop idea, has rented the old house at 386 Washington street, Brookline, Massachusetts, where she will keep a gift shop indefinitely—or until the Society has all the money it needs for the project. All sorts of gifts sent to the Society will be for sale, such as curios, jellies, fancy articles and the usual gift-shop knick-knacks. The shop is already stocked and gifts have been received from individuals and organizations in British Columbia, and such distant States as California, Oregon, Colorado, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Illinois, Michigan, Maryland, and Delaware, besides all the New England States. Mrs. Warner will keep shop every afternoon, and solicits saleable gifts for the cause.

Another means for raising money is, by the "mile of dimes" campaign, of which Mrs. Warner has charge. For this collection, she is distributing 12-inch cards, with places for ten dimes. It is estimated that the "mile," if completed, will yield \$6336; and several hundred of the cards have already been distributed.

Many, no doubt, will prefer to send cash contributions to the Fund, which will be most helpful and welcome.

Here is opportunity for all our Bands of Mercy, for young and old, to make this "Be Kind to Animals" Vacation Home a reality, and the time to begin is NOW.

Send all contributions for the Gift Shop, plainly addressed, either direct to Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 386 Washington Street, Brookline, Mass., or to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. All articles will be listed and acknowledged and at the right time will play their part in this new branch of our work, under the guidance of this friend, a life-long lover of animals, who has assumed this load gladly and gratuitously.

BLANKET THE HORSES

To allow the horse to suffer from the cold for lack of a blanket is either heartless cruelty or senseless neglect. If you are observant and humane you will take notice of the horses upon the streets during the winter and see to it that the blanket is used properly. Protect the horse!

WANTED

Our Dumb Animals is very anxious to secure a copy of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Richardson, title "Why Dost Thou Strike Me Thrice?" Anyone having a copy of this sermon will confer a great favor if he can even lend it to us for a short time.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
P. O. Address, Fenway Station

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

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Thomas Nelson Perkins

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chili
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, Introduceur des Bando of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio
Rev. James D. Burton, Oakdale, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.

ONE MONTH'S WORK

During last November Rev. James D. Burton of Tennessee, one of the field workers of the American Humane Education Society, traveled 700 miles, and delivered ten addresses. He writes:

"A trip was made over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, and the following points were visited: Bridgeport, Alabama; Chattanooga, Nashville, Pikeville and Harriman, Tennessee.

"Several thousand pages of humane literature have been placed in the hands of public school teachers and Sunday-school superintendents. This has been read with interest, and many kind expressions have been made regarding the work. One teacher told me she had called the attention of her pupils to the humane literature and spoken to them about kindness to animals.

"In many places the achievements of this work can never be measured by the number of local branches organized, but the indirect influence, the stimulating effect of visitation, the distribution of humane literature, a word about the work, contribute to the stirring up of a humane sentiment among the people. This is a very important part of the work accomplished."

The St. Augustine Convention

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, held at St. Augustine, Florida, November 8-11, 1915, was characterized by some very successful features never before attempted. At the evening session of the first day, following an open forum discussion on various subjects relating to animals, humane motion pictures were exhibited by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston, the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia, the Animal Rescue League, Boston, the Morris Refuge for Homeless Animals, Philadelphia, and the New York Women's League for Animals, New York City. In addition, slides were shown illustrating the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and other practical work of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. These attracted much favorable attention from the delegates and the many citizens present.

On the second evening the Orpheum Theatre, where all the convention sessions were held, was crowded to the doors by the pupils of the St. Augustine public schools, their parents and guardians, who came to witness demonstrations of humane education methods by Miss Anna M. Woodward of the S. P. C. A., Rochester, New York, and Miss Elizabeth W. Olney of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, Providence, each of whom exhibited a fine collection of lantern slides, especially prepared for children, and accompanied the pictures with appropriate explanations and comments.

On the same evening a mass meeting in the interests of kindness to animals for colored adults was held in the Colored Baptist Church, the principal addresses being by Rev. Richard Carroll of Columbia, South Carolina, President W. O. Stillman of the Association, and President W. A. Robinson of the Ohio Humane Society. During the evening many of the delegates came to this meeting, where seats were reserved for them, although the building was not large enough to hold all who were attracted by the fame of Mr. Carroll as an orator. During the day Mr. Carroll, accompanied by Dr. Robinson and Secretary Guy Richardson of the American Humane Education Society, visited and addressed the Colored Preachers' Association and also one of the largest colored public schools in St. Augustine. Several of the other delegates visited and spoke in the city schools, both white and colored, during the convention.

The open forum discussion Wednesday evening was given up to questions relating to children's work, and provoked animated remarks from several speakers on the subject of the influence of moving pictures on children. With the possible exception of San Francisco (1911), no annual session of the Association has been held in recent years at which so marked an interest was taken by the citizens where it was held, or was so well attended by them, as this meeting in St. Augustine.

Delegates were present from many distant States, and the four morning and two afternoon business sessions were crowded with helpful papers on a wide variety of timely topics. Perhaps no single subject called forth more general discussion than that of "Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week," the consensus of opinion being that by agitating this movement "we had struck a live wire," as one delegate put it. Much interest was aroused in the work of Mrs. Jeannette Ryder in Cuba, which was presented by Miss Genevieve Roberds of Havana.

In his annual address President Stillman stated that there are now 565 active American societies for the prevention of cruelty.

Among the resolutions passed were one calling the attention of humane societies to the great

cruelties to animals used in the coal mines of Iowa and other States, and asking societies to make investigations with a view to remedying the evil; one placing the Association strongly in favor of national legislation for the better protection of wild game, by the establishment of game sanctuaries in our national forests; and one calling attention to the excessive cruelty to animals and great suffering growing out of interstate live stock and poultry transportation, as permitted at present, and recommending that a committee of five be appointed to investigate these conditions and to secure better enforcement of existing statutes and the enactment of more stringent laws.

The local Society royally entertained the visitors with drives about the ancient city, and an "oyster bake" at North Beach. The Chamber of Commerce generously extended the services of its genial secretary, Mr. F. S. Kidder, Jr., who personally looked after the needs of every guest.

ANIMAL WELFARE ASSOCIATION

To anticipate its rapidly growing needs as well as to better carry on its present broad activities, the Animal Welfare Association of Detroit, Michigan, has recently moved into larger and more commodious quarters.

The growth of this Association has been little short of phenomenal. Starting only three years ago as a branch of the Twentieth Century Club, with officers serving entirely without pay, it is now an independent, incorporated society with a membership well over five thousand.

Perhaps the best indorsement of the Association and its work is the following one from the *Free Press* of November 21:

"Today the organization is a recognized factor in the city's development and its usefulness has long passed the experimental stage. The hearty cooperation of the police department proves this conclusively, and the enthusiastic reception of the movement in the public schools shows that public sentiment in Detroit is rapidly crystallizing into a deep humanitarian spirit which would have no creature within its borders suffer from cruelty or neglect."

As instances of the Association's "recognized usefulness" one has only to cite such facts as that it has acquired a farm of one hundred and fourteen acres where horses, worn out or too old for further service, may rest or recuperate. The farm was the generous gift of Mrs. Joseph B. Schlotman, who has also presented over fifty drinking fountains to the city and has provided a large, well-equipped ambulance for the use of the Animal Welfare Association. The report for eleven months shows that its agent made 1474 investigations, carried 107 cases into the courts and obtained 107 convictions.

We extend congratulations to this highly efficient Association in its fine, new home.

Would not a New Year present of *Our Dumb Animals* for a year, be acceptable to some friend?

The reason why many an excellent article and letter sent to *Our Dumb Animals* for publication has to be declined is the lack of space. The question we try to answer is, "What is of greatest value to the largest number of readers?"

The Ann Arbor, Michigan, Humane Society has subscribed for thirty copies of *Our Dumb Animals* to be sent to teachers in the public schools of that city. The Board of Education will distribute the magazine each month to the various schools.

Incidents of Animal Intelligence

By DR. R. W. SHUFELDT

FOR a period extending over half a century, I have practically been a daily student of animal life, and my studies have by no means been confined to any particular group of forms, or to those of any special country; for, from animalculæ to man, I have taken into consideration the representatives of nearly every known class.

In early life, my instructors and my text-books pretty thoroughly fixed the belief in my mind that, in the case of all animals below man, their every action, their behavior—indeed all that they did, resulted from the operation of a blind instinct, which was the physiological and mental force responsible for all their movements, whatever its nature might be. I was taught that the affection which animals exhibited for their young was merely due to this blind instinct; and, although in a way akin to the same emotion in man, it was not the same for the reason that man, of all created beings, alone was endowed with immortality. Hence, when a dog was seen to rush frantically into a burning barn, at the risk of her life, and bring out in her mouth, one at a time, her five puppies helplessly asleep up in the haymow, it was said that the animal was inspired to do so by some powerful instinct "that almost amounted to reason." Many there were who lived during the middle of the last century, in the old-fashioned puritanical towns in various parts of the country, who dared not hold any other opinion, much less express a contrary one.

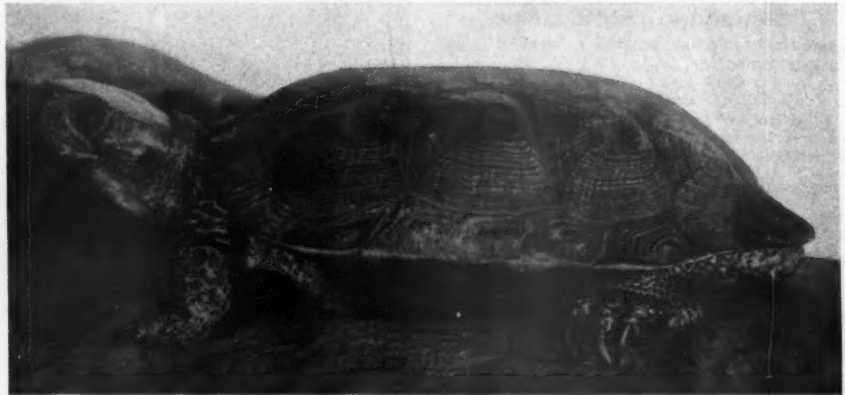
However, as time went on, and I read of and observed all kinds of animals, under all sorts of conditions, I began very seriously to believe that the seers were out of their reckoning in the premises, and that the so-called "instinct" of animals below man was nothing more nor less than precisely the same reason that controlled man in all of his actions of every conceivable description.

When I read of a ruffed grouse—or pheasant as they are called in the South—being surprised in the woods by a hunter, at a time when she had but one chick to look after out of a probable brood of a dozen, eleven having been destroyed in some way or another, and that the bird, instead of playing the old wounded-trick, to distract the attention of the intruder while her chicks scattered to hide as best they could in the vicinity—when, as I say, I read that this bird,

instead of resorting to this time-honored deception of all our game-birds, picks up her sole chick in her bill and flies off with it at top speed, I say that that bird was doing precisely what any woman, with only one child to defend, would do under similar circumstances, and that the behavior of both was the result of the operation of the same mental process—call it instinct if you will. There are, too, thousands of instances on record where ferine as well as domestic animals

have photographed them many times, and a picture of one of them is here shown, it is our little eastern fellow—the ruby-throated species.

One would not look for much intelligence in a turtle, and what I am about to relate in regard to a pet wood tortoise (*Chelopus insculptus*) I had while living in an apartment house in New York City, several years ago, will surely be a surprise to many of the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*. The postman who brought me my mail was some-



"DARBY," THE PET WOOD TORTOISE

have behaved far more reasonably under trying conditions of various kinds than men or women would have under the same circumstances.

Many years ago, I reared from the nest one of our ruby-throated humming birds, and as it grew it became so tame that I never thought of confining it in any way whatever. It slept at night on top of one of the window curtains, the window being open during all fair weather after spring had set in. This little pet was an extremely interesting one and very fond of me. The moment I came into the room, he flew from his perch and buzzed about my head, begging for his ration of sugar and water, which he took from a little cup in my hand. He would also thrust his bill between my lips, when he observed that I had put a few drops into my mouth for him. As he attained his full growth, he would fly out of the window, sometimes being gone for an hour or more; but he always returned to my room to pass the night in his old, accustomed place.

One day during the summer, much to my surprise he flew into the room with a beautiful, full-grown companion of his own species—we have only one species in the East out of the eighteen known to occur in the United States. After some of the most amusing attempts I ever witnessed, he finally induced the stranger to alight with him on the brim of the little cup on the mantel containing his sugared water and take a few sips with him. The next day the stranger again returned with him, and my little pet seemed to rejoice in the companionship. It was too much for him at last; and as October drew on, he one day exhibited very considerable excitement as I entered the room. He flew round and around me; lit on my shoulder; flew out of the window, only to return to repeat his demonstrations. Poor little fellow! He could not *speck*, nor tell me what was in his mind. Finally, off he flew, and next day I realized what it was all about, for no little hummer was to be seen, perching on the corner of the curtain above my window. I have had these birds as pets several times in my life, but this one was my favorite. Then, too, I

thing of an amateur naturalist, and when he came in from his suburban deliveries, he frequently brought me butterflies, turtles, lizards, and so on, which he had found in the country. One day he had a male and a female wood tortoise in his bag and duly turned them over to me. My wife christened them "Darby and Joan," but they by no means lived happily together.

At first, Darby pressed his courtship to the limit; but, as his advances were very coolly received on the part of the unresponsive Joan, his love turned to hate and he treated her most cruelly. Finally he inflicted such bites upon her that she died one night from the blood she lost. He was very selfish, too, often deserting his pile of fresh strawberries on the floor on one side of the room, and, walking over to where she was eating hers, he would drive her away from them and start in to eat them himself—until I taught him better manners. After Joan's death, however, Darby became very lonesome. He was fully eighty years old when I had him—and I kept him for several years—and he came to know every nook and cranny in my rooms. Frequently, when he felt particularly affectionate, he would come and rest on one of my feet as I sat writing at my study table, possibly working away on some paper on turtles.

His eyesight was excellent; and sometimes, when I'd offer him a strawberry from across the room, he would come directly after it and stand by me on three legs, while begging hard for the berry by lifting the fourth up and down. If not served at once, he would walk around in a circle, a yard or so in diameter, with the hope of attracting my attention, or of demonstrating how hungry and impatient he was. He would also beg for food while we were at the table, coming over by my chair, and waving his foot at me in the way just described. He knew every member of the family—and especially the maid who was very fond of him.

Finally the time came when I was compelled to part with him; but I was afraid to give him his freedom in the nearby country, for I felt sure he



RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD

would fall into hands where he would suffer. Boys, especially, are often very cruel to the tortoises they find in the woods; therefore I decided to put him in some fine zoological garden, where he would be carefully looked out for and regularly fed, and where he could enjoy surroundings as good as his native haunts. With this in mind, I presented him to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, where large and commodious quarters are kept for all such creatures. For all I know to the contrary, Darby is comfortably passing his life there—the great war notwithstanding. The accompanying picture of Darby, the wood tortoise, was made of him in his prime and when he was one of my favorite pets.

THE COMING BROTHERHOOD

There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning,

A broader and a juster brotherhood;
A deep equality of aim, postponing

All selfish seeking to the general good.

There shall come a time, when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him, brother unto brother.

There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger

Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world,

When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer,

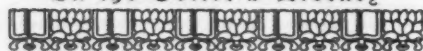
And the ironclads rust, and battle-flags are furled;
When the bars of creed and speech and race,
which sever,

Shall be fused in one humanity forever.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.



In the Editor's Library



TO YOUR DOG AND TO MY DOG, compiled by
Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt.

The dog's sincere love for man and his fidelity have shone in song and story. The poets, too, have sung the praises of their dogs and paid those loved and trusted friends some of their fairest tributes.

This well-selected compilation of thirty-two poems is made up of verses written almost entirely within the last twenty-five years. Scott, Byron and Matthew Arnold are exceptions, but the list includes many choice gems from lesser lights in the poetic firmament who have extolled the dog's noble virtues. It is a volume that everyone who owns or who has ever owned a dog will welcome.

148 pp. \$1, net. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

SCALLY, Ian Hay.

"Scally" is the short story of a perfect gentleman, a dog, to be sure, but one whose deportment was well-nigh exemplary from the time when he first waded out from the bottom of a muddy pond, as a very gritty but friendless pup, up to the day when, as an enormous dog, he put to hasty flight a bold, threatening, tramp intruder. His adoption and education, the fine qualities and strength of character which developed in him, are the subject of a well-sketch account, appealing to the devotee of dog tales.

92 pp. 75 cents, net. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

THE ADVENTURES OF SIX LITTLE PUSSY-CATS, Mary Shaw Attwood.

How six Sunday-school boys helped their teacher find homes for six pretty blue-blooded kittens is told by "Sandy," one of the fortunates.

These are charming tales for the little folk, prompting them in kindness to dumb creatures, quickening their hearts and minds in thoughtfulness for those who cannot speak for themselves, especially the little innocent four-footed pets of the household, the companions of childhood—the kittens. There are seven beautiful illustrations and the cloth binding carries an artistic design in colors.

63 pp. 50 cents, postpaid. The Murray Press, Boston.



A POST OF HONOR

SOME FELINE PECULIARITIES

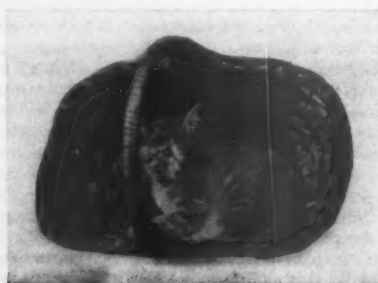
By I. A. GLASSE

A cat is so solicitous for the safety of her offspring that if alarmed in any way she will carry her kittens about the house until she finds what she considers a safe corner.

The confusion caused by preparations for moving had disturbed the ease so loved by Puss. On opening the top drawer in a chest I was surprised to see the cat with her three kittens lying comfortably asleep. How did she get there with the drawer shut, for it was locked? Looking at the back I found the board was broken so that the cat had crawled in through the opening and carried one kitten after another up into this place of "serene repose," reminding one of "The Retired Cat" described by the poet Cowper.

Another time I had been out and on coming home I could not find a favorite cat. I looked about upstairs, when all at once I saw a pair of green eyes looking at me through a square opening in a long, old-fashioned wooden trunk. The hole was where the lock had once been, and it now formed a window for the cat to look out of. Although she seemed perfectly happy, no doubt she was glad to be released.

It is well known that cats will sometimes crawl away to die. One that had been in our family for thirteen years was sick and a man had been hired to take it away. When he came the cat could not be found. At last it was discovered in what used to be called the "well" of a sofa bedstead, where our poor old Tom had crept away to die.



AN OLD WELSH LAW CONCERNING CATS

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

Some thousand years ago, in Wales,

So valued was the household cat,

Quaint laws were passed concerning her;

Among them one decreeing that

Grimalkin's worth should be appraised—

When at the market she was sold—

As to her age and qualities,

Her prowess as a hunter bold.

If one should steal or kill the cat

Guarding the Prince's granary,

He had to forfeit a milch ewe,

Its fleece and lamb; or else must he

Give wheat, a quantity as great,

Were puss suspended—nose to floor—

By tip of tail, would cover her,

When on her poured—no less, no more.

Alas, as now, grimalkin had

Grave faults in those medieval days;

No doubt her silent velvet feet

Were oftentimes bent on wicked ways;

We grieve to think that then, as now,

Intent on predatory quest

She sometimes hushed the wild bird's song

Or robbed the artless fledgling's nest!

Yet summing up the good and bad,

Her worth was held to be so great,

The welfare of this hunter bold

Was closely guarded by the state;

And woe to him who loved his flock

And prized his wheat, did he dare lay

Rude hands on puss, so valued all

Grimalkin in that ancient day.

THE COMPANIONABLE CAT

My cat in winter time usually sleeps upon my dog, who submits in patience; and I have often found her on horseback in the stable, not from any taste for equestrianism, but simply because a horse-cloth is a perpetual warmer when there is a living horse beneath it. She loves the dog and horse with the tender regard we have for foot-warmers and railway rugs during a journey in the depth of winter; nor have I ever been able to detect in her any worthier sentiment towards her master. Yet of all animals that we can have in a room with us, the cat is the least disquieting. Her presence is soothing to a student, as the presence of a quiet nurse is soothing to an invalid. It is agreeable to feel that you are not absolutely alone, and it seems to you, when you are at work, as if the cat took care that all her movements should be noiseless, purely out of consideration for your comfort. Then, if you have time to caress her, you know that she will purr a response, and why inquire too closely into the sincerity of her affection?

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS" CONCERT

Humane Societies in need of funds might follow the example of the Concord, New Hampshire, S. P. C. A., which recently raised much needed money by soliciting the help of the Bands of Mercy.

The School Board granted the use of a handsome school auditorium and gave permission for the school children to sell tickets for a "Concert Given by the Bands of Mercy."

The concert was opened by a chorus of fifteen little girls, wearing red "Be Kind to Animals" pennants across their white dresses. Entering the hall, this chorus marched through the aisles, singing "Ring the Bells of Mercy," to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." There were readings, and piano and vocal selections by the best talent in Concord, including the organist and several members of St. Paul's Episcopal Church choir. The High School orchestra contributed two good selections.

Printing, heating and lighting expenses were paid by members of the Society. The concert, planned and carried out in two weeks' time, netted the Society \$93.

Gray Squirrels in Gotham Parks

By GAYNE T. K. NORTON

Two bright little eyes,
And a questioning nose,
A fluffy, curled tail,
An inquiring pose—
Then, a dart of gray color
Through tree-tops that sway
And little gray squirrel
Has scampered away!

—New York Tribune.

The army of little gray squirrels that live in the large parks of New York City are preparing for a long cold winter; their fur is much longer and thicker than it usually is, particularly at this time of year (mid-November), and so anxious were they to fill their hidden storehouses with nuts that they did not wait for the first frost to loosen them. Not content with an early harvest alone the little fellows shucked the nuts before storing them and thus gained much room. These actions, together with numerous other precautions Dame Nature is taking to protect herself and her family from cold and starvation, point with unmistakable certainty to a cold winter. What a wonderfully provident lesson these little gray chaps teach!

It was approximately fifty years ago that the gray squirrels were introduced into the parks. As time has gone on they have multiplied and now they are literally everywhere. Some black squirrels have also appeared, from where it is unknown, and taken up their abode in the bark houses provided by the city; they are very wild and seem exclusive.

Hundreds of people daily feed the squirrels. One society woman has not missed a day in years; she goes in her machine to a part of Central Park known as "the maze" at the same time each day and feeds hundreds. They have learned to expect her and congregate in anticipation. Countless children visit the parks and are taught incidentally a strong lesson in kindness.

Although the squirrels will fearlessly and confidently eat from the hand, climb up the trouser leg and take nuts from the pockets, eat seated upon the shoulder or upon the knee, never will they allow themselves to be touched or petted. The author has fed the same animal for days, yet not once was he able to stroke the soft gray back.

Like the black squirrels a few rabbits (cotton-tails) recently showed themselves and with them came the shadow of a problem. They multiply so rapidly that it will be but a few years before their numbers will menace the beauty of the park. Already there are little paths beginning to show, and small tooth marks upon young tender bushes tell their own story.

The summer just gone was notable in Bronx Park for the vast number of chipmunks it produced; never have they been so thick. They



"THE SQUIRRELS FEARLESSLY EAT FROM THE HAND"

were very wild and always seemed in a hurry—as if they must be at a certain place at a certain time. It was seldom indeed that one was seen loafing along picking up tidbits as is usual with them. Perhaps they sensed the coming winter, too.

CRYING NEED OF HUMANE EDUCATION IN CHINESE CITY

The extracts which follow are from a personal letter, written to her sister by a missionary in a great Chinese city. We have forwarded literature in English to this interested woman who, if funds were available, could have it translated into Chinese and circulated where it appears to be needed so much. Who will help the American Humane Education Society to extend its foreign work into this new field?

"The amount of animal suffering here is no doubt lessened by the fact that the most of the heavy work is done by men. Every family aspires to have at least one pig and some fowl. The pig roots around by day and at night crawls under its master's bed to sleep. The chickens have a still better time because they are not tied up, and can enjoy themselves much the same as in America.

"I think I could accomplish much good in going through the streets humanely disposing of all the beggar dogs. You cannot imagine how repulsive such dogs become. They sleep any place and have only the filth to eat which is thrown from the houses, for Chinese houses in the cities have no back yards nor any sanitary arrangements. The dirt is thrown from off the shack and is soon eaten by native hogs. I do not mean scraps from the table as such things are given to pigs and chickens. Some of the beggar dogs have lost all their hair through disease, others have terrible raw sores, lame, blind, bleeding, sick and dying, quite in keeping with the beggar men, although if I or any

foreigner were to try to end their misery it would probably mean an anti-foreign riot, and we would all be hustling out of the country to a place of safety. So you see we must do things gradually.

"A short time ago I found boys in our schools catching rats, putting kerosene on their backs, setting fire to them and letting them run until they died. They had many other cruel methods of torture for rats and other animals. I asked them why they were so cruel and they replied, 'We don't like rats. They eat our rice.' Then, you may be sure, they heard a great lecture and have been kinder to animals since.

"I could tell some awful things about the various ways men and boys torture birds and animals, but you see enough at home and it is much worse here. In Shanghai and other cities where there are settlements of British, French, Americans and other foreigners, laws are made for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but it is different in a city like this where there are 700,000 Chinese and only four foreign families. And yet we feel we are making progress. There is indeed scope for prevention of cruelty to animals, but it requires money. There are now hundreds of schools scattered around in various places controlled by the missionaries not only for small children, but also universities where arts, theology and medicine

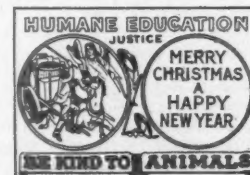
can be studied. If in these schools the students were taught how to care for animals, how much good could be done!

"A great work might be accomplished among the Chinese in regard to humane treatment of animals if literature like we see at home were circulated here. Of course, that means some one to translate, but there are now plenty of scholars who do nothing but translate. The American Bible Society and British and Foreign Bible Society do a great work, but I have not seen any pictures or literature relating to kindness to animals."

ANGELL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTESTS

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere. We offer beautiful sterling silver medals at cost, \$1.75 by registered mail. On the face is engraved, "Angell Prize — Oratory — Humane Education," and on the back, "The American Humane Education Society."

HUMANE HOLIDAY STAMPS



Christmas and New Year Humane Stamps for packages, letters, etc., printed in colors. Cut shows the exact size. 15 cents per 100; \$1.50 per 1000.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
BOSTON



"CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT KINDNESS"

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS" PRIZES AWARDED

Hoffman School Room 21, Philadelphia, Wins
First with 946 Members

With an enrolment of nearly one thousand members, 946 to be exact, "Room 21 BE KIND TO ANIMALS" Band of Mercy of the Hoffman School, Philadelphia, Harriet E. Sykes, president, receives the first prize of ten dollars, offered by the American Humane Education Society for the largest newly-organized "Be Kind to Animals" Band of Mercy. This Band was reported by Ruth D. Murray of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.

The second prize of \$7.50 goes to the "News-boys BE KIND TO ANIMALS" Band, Indianapolis, Indiana, with 580 members, Mrs. Harriet Clark, president, reported by Margaret Haper.

The third prize of \$5.00 is awarded to the "Junior High School BE KIND TO ANIMALS" Band, Chanute, Kansas, with a membership of 519, F. A. Lovan, president, reported by Mrs. F. A. Parsons.

The fourth prize of \$2.50 is won by the "Healey Asylum BE KIND TO ANIMALS Band," Lewiston, Maine, which sent in 208 members, Sister Davignon, president, reported by Miss Alice May Douglas of Bath.

The contest was for the period beginning May 1 1915, and ending December 1, 1915. In all there were thirty-one new Bands entered, scattered throughout the States of Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and South Carolina. Altogether 3513 new members were received into the Band of Mercy as the result of this contest. During the same period there were 1480 other new Bands, which did not compete for the BE KIND TO ANIMALS prizes, reported from all parts of the country to the American Humane Education Society.

Our congratulations to the new Bands which won the prizes, and our thanks to the good BE KIND TO ANIMALS friend who made the prizes possible!

IN DULUTH SCHOOLS

Mrs. Walter Turler, who is constantly organizing Bands of Mercy in the schools of Duluth, Minnesota, has addressed 12,000 pupils on the subject of kindness to animals, since the opening of the school year.

THE SPARROWS' PRAYER

By THOS. J. TAYLOR

"Give us this day our daily bread!"
We cry to you as you have plead,
And as your plea was granted, so
To us a like compassion show!
Mere mites are we, but brave our hearts,
Scorning to fly the icy darts
From Winter's hold; abiding on
While all the singing ones are gone,
Our cheerful chatter tempering
The lull of sound 'twixt fall and spring.
Increasing cold increases care,
Which we endure without despair;
In nature's providence we trust,
And when we beg 'tis so we must.
Industriously we roam afield
In search of food—a scanty yield
If so ungente day or night
Has wrapped the earth in chilling white!
O, then, when hunger swiftly brings
Us to your homes on hopeful wings,
Forbid us not, but freely give,
That we (for life is dear) may live!
It is not given us to dream
Where we may stand in your esteem,
But good it is to mercy show
Alike, in stress, to friend and foe!
A crumb may cheer a tiny life
Whose courage droops amidst the strife;
So, pray you! from your ample spread,
"Give us this day our daily bread!"



HAPPY NEW YEAR, BOYS AND GIRLS

The American Band of Mercy

Founded by Geo. T. Angell and Rev. Thos. Timmins

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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PLEDGE: "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See last page for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and forty-four new Bands of Mercy were reported in November, of which 122 were in Massachusetts, 105 in Maine, 69 in Connecticut, 54 in Rhode Island, 23 in Kansas, 19 in Ohio, 16 in Minnesota, seven in Idaho, five in Wyoming, four each in South Carolina and Texas, three in North Carolina, two each in New Jersey, Florida, Indiana and Colorado, and one each in New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Missouri and Washington, nearly all having been organized in schools. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

East Wareham: East Wareham Primary.
Haverhill: Currier, 12; Tilton 8; Lowell Ave., 2; Burnham, 8; Walnut Square, 8; Portland St., 4; Wingate, 10; Hannah Dustin, 6; Smiley, 4; Winter St., 11; Whittier, 3; Saunders Hill, 2; School St., 8; Chestnut St., 3; Rocks Village, 2; Broadway.
Marion: Marion Center, 4; South, 2; North, 2.
Onset: East Wareham Grammar; Point Independence; Oak Grove, 2; Onset, 2.
South Wareham: South Wareham, 2.
Wareham: Narrows, 3; Everett, 3; Pine Grove; Indian Neck; Ninth.
West Wareham: Tremont, 4.

Schools in Maine

Bangor: St. John's, 12; St. Mary's, 9.
Bath: Corliss St. Baptist S. S., 6.
Brewer: Sargent, 4; South Brewer, 7; Paige, 6; Excelsior, 4; Dirigo, 3.
Brunswick: Grammar, 3; Center St., 4; Union St., 2; Bath St., 3; Pleasant St., 2; Riverside.
Clinton: Public, 3.
Oldtown: St. Joseph, 11; Indian Island; Methodist S. S., 2; Baptist S. S., 2; Congregational S. S.; Pentecostal S. S.
Orono: Methodist S. S., 2; Congregational S. S.; Universalist S. S.
Stillwater: Public, 2; Union S. S., 2.
Topsham: Village, 3.
Veazie: Public, 3.
Winterport: Public, 4.

Schools in Rhode Island

Cranston: Whipple Ave., 4.
Glocester: Harmony; Victoria; Chepachet, 3.
Greenville: Greenville Grammar, 2.

Johnston: Johnston; Hughesdale, 2; Simmonsville, 2.
Lonsdale: Minerva Ave., 2.
Providence: Amherst St., 4; Camp St., 4; Eddy St., 4; Niagara St., 4; Daniel Ave., 4; Old Beacon Ave., 3; Bellevue Ave., 4; Calhoun Ave., 5.
Valley Falls: Clark St. Grammar, 4.

Schools in Connecticut

Berlin: Selden, 2.
Bloomfield: Southwest.
Bristol: Forestville, 7; North Side, 8; South Side, 16.
Cromwell: Nathaniel White, 10; Plains, 2.
Middletown: South, 2; St. John's, 14.
Newington: Southeast.
Rocky Hill: West, 2.
Simsbury: Meadow Plain; East Westogue.
Westogue: West Westogue.
West Simsbury: West Simsbury No. 10.
Clifton, New Jersey: Snowball.
Somers Point, New Jersey: Somers Point.
Molra, New York: Molra.
Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania: Kindness.

Schools in Ohio

Columbiana: Public, 8.
Dayton: Courtesy Club.
De Forest: Public, 2.
Warren: Market St., 4.
Washingtonville: Public, 4.
Indianapolis, Indiana: Indianapolis Newsboys Be Kind to Animals; Abraham Lincoln.
Coon Valley, Wisconsin: Lincoln.
High Point, North Carolina: Boy Scouts, 2; Civic.
Barnwell, South Carolina: Be Kind to Animals; Barnwell No. 2.
Blackville, South Carolina: Blackville.
Irmo, South Carolina: Burnett.
Saint Augustine, Florida: Billingsville School.
Stuart, Florida: Stuart.

Schools in Minnesota

Duluth: Jefferson, 4; Radisson; Jackson; Nettleton; Washburn; Cobb, 2.
Lakewood: Fischer.
West Duluth: Longfellow, 4; St. James.
Chanute, Kansas: Blue Bird; Chanute; Killiam; Boerstler; Wade; Public Schools, 7; Black Beauty; Red Bird; First Grade; Murray Hill; Schools, 7.
Kansas City, Missouri: Horace Mann School.
Avery, Texas: Avery.
Dallas, Texas: Mary C. Yarrow.
San Antonio, Texas: Johnson School, 2.
Alva, Wyoming: Alva.
Laramie, Wyoming: Public Schools, 4.
Montrose, Colorado: Landseer; George Angell.
Barberton, Idaho: School.
Notus, Idaho: Schools, 2.
Parma, Idaho: Schools, 4.
Spokane, Washington: Whittier.

Total number of Bands of Mercy, 98,460.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WHEN SNOW LIES DEEP

By NELLIE M. COYE

I wonder if you really know
The gratitude the birds will show
For crumbs and seeds and bits of meat,
Or anything that they can eat
When winter winds blow loud and shrill,
And snowflakes cover field and hill.
Select a tree and bore a hole
About the shape of cup, or bowl,
And fill it with some melted fat,
Or something that they can get at,
And note how soon the birds will come,
And how their little bills will drum.
The grubs and worms are all asleep
In winter when the snow lies deep;
And so the best that we can do
To aid the birds, and see them through
This trying time of snow and sleet
Is to provide them food to eat.

GAY, "NETTA," AND MR. DING

AND who are they? Well, Gay is the little daughter of Conrad Johnson, principal of Alexandria High School in Alexandria, Virginia, "Netta" is her nurse and Mr. Ding is Gay's faithful protector and playfellow, a medium sized, fairly well bred fox terrier.

The devotion of Mr. Ding to this little girl is something wonderful, and if space would permit we could show you many interesting pictures of the two. When Mr. Ding was two months old, Gay's father, being a firm believer in the companionship of children with animals, put him in the crib with Gay, who was then only eight months old, and he has rarely left her since.



If you should go into Gay's room between 7 P. M. and 7 A. M. you would very soon discover that there was another very important person in the room, and unless you were very well known by this other person, you had better not go near Gay's bed, for Mr. Ding sleeps under it now. When Gay is out playing Mr. Ding is with her, and although she can roll all over him, use him as a riding horse, put her hand all the way down his throat, he has never in the eighteen months they have been together, so much as scratched her, but let a stranger come too close and he will most certainly receive more than a scratch. Gay also loves all other animals, and is not afraid of any.

KINDLINESS

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness still
Whatever others do.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need,
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

YOLANDA AND HER CHUMS

By GAYNE T. K. NORTON

Yolanda Bianco is a most unusual little girl. She lives with her parents, and her pets which are just as unique as she is, in an apartment in New York City. Yolanda likes to go to school better than anything else. She sings and she sews, she cooks and she skates, she dances and she acts, in fact she does a great many things, and she does them all well. She is very fond of her pets, which are most interesting.

One is a beautiful big chinchilla Persian cat which she calls "Chinky." Chinky knows he is a beautiful animal and his dignity never allows him to unbend enough to play, he is far too stately for that. He is quite a performer and is, as Yolanda says, "a high-class pet."

"Bill" is another pet and just the opposite of Chinky. Bill is a ten-months-old parrot from Panama. He talks continually and really says quite a bit; he makes friends easily and fast, and is a great mimic. His chief and particular stunt is the singing of "Tipperary," he speaks the words of the chorus and carries the air remarkably well.

Bill, Chinky, and Yolanda are close chums, and as they take their daily walk they present a strange sight that is well worth seeing. Chinky walks slowly, daintily picking his way, his beautiful bushy tail trailing and twitching just a bit at the end. He sees no one and looks neither to right nor left. Bill is just the reverse, he is out for all the fun and enjoys every minute of his outing. He even shakes hands with some and enjoys his joke as much as they do. Strange as it may seem this accomplished parrot does not swear at all.



A JERSEY CITY GIRL ACTING AS NURSE

PASSING OF THE YEAR

The year is closed, the record made,
The last deed done, the last word said;
The memory alone remains
Of all its joys, its griefs, its gains;
Memory and the character wrought
Out of experiences the year has brought;
In all, the hand of God we see
Guiding in love, unerringly—
And so with faith grown strong and clear
We turn to greet the glad New Year.

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the
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DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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